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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORIAL.

THREE are no words which can tell the depth of the depression which is universally felt at the death of such a man as Dr. Henry Coppée, whose loss we now mourn. And while they, who are better able than we, are uttering worthy eulogies upon his noble life and his able work, we desire to speak for the students of the Lehigh University, and say that we loved Dr. Coppée, and that his passing away has touched our hearts with a sadness which personal admiration and regard alone can bring to any breast.

IT is with the greatest pride that every Lehigh man sees the high tributes that are at this time being paid on everyhand to the genius of Professor Doolittle, and it is with just as deep regret that we all realize that he is to leave this University. To say alone, however, that we are sorry to lose him because he is a great mathematician and astronomer would by no means fully express the sorrow we feel at the idea of his departure. Speaking from the undergraduate stand-point we are sorry to lose the man.

It is a sad commentary upon American college life that there is but a small amount of love lost between faculty and students, and for that reason when we say that Professor Doolittle is a man of whom we are all fond, it means a great deal. We know that

we express the oft-spoken sentiment of every man who has ever worked under him, when we say that he has ever commanded the utmost respect and the deepest regard from us all.

WITH this issue of THE BURR the Senior members of the Board retire, and with the next issue the new Board assumes control.

It is with a great deal of regret and genuine sorrow that the retiring members of the Board of Editors lay down their work. The affairs of THE BURR have been their care and concern for the years of their service, which are almost synonymous with the years of their college course. It is not all cares that one is glad to be rid of. Some cares are burdens and some are pleasures. Burdens are left behind gladly, but a labor of love, such as our work has been, with the deep-rooted interest which it has inspired, and the honest pride which it has aroused, finds its way into our hearts, and when we come to give up the responsibility it has brought, we find it a tie that will bind us everlastingly.

It is with the greatest trust and confidence that we leave THE BURR in the hands of the new Board which is to follow us, wishing them every success, and knowing that they too shall always bear in mind that THE BURR is the representative of the undergraduates of the

University, ever ready to serve their interests and to work in any cause which has for its object the glory of our *Alma Mater*.

There is no word more sad than the word "good-bye." He who said that "parting was such sweet sorrow," meant that it was so when meeting was some day to follow. Only those who know the grief of a final farewell can appreciate how we feel when we make our last bow and exit.

THE annual election to the Board of Editors of THE BURR have been held, and we take great pleasure in announcing the results. Two men were elected from the Class of 'Ninety-six, there being an extra vacancy created by the resignation from the Board of Mr. Caleb Wheeler Lord, '96. An Assistant Business Manager and three Literary Editors were chosen from the Class of 'Ninety-seven, and from the Class of 'Ninety-eight, we are obliged to say, the competition was not productive of evidence of sufficient merit to justify an election. We are reminded of the similar situation of last year, and can only express our regret and also the hope that the new Board may, in the coming year, be as successful in finding good men in 'Ninety-eight, as we have been, by biding our time, in 'Ninety-seven.

The officers and members of the new Board of Editors, in the care of whose hands the welfare of THE BURR now lies, are as follows:

WILLIAM CARTER DICKERMAN, '96, Editor-in-Chief,
HASELL WILSON BALDWIN, '96, Business Manager,
CHAS. FRANCIS SCOTT, '97, Asst. Business Manager,
FREDERICK ALLYN DABOLL, '96.
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ALFRED MAHLON WORSTALL, '96,
ERLE REITER HANNUM, '97,
HARRY LAYFIELD BELL, '97,
HENRY TAYLOR IRWIN, '97,
CLIFFORD GEORGE DUNNELLS, '97.

IT had been our earnest desire and fervent prayer to be able to chronicle in THE BURR a great step in the advancement of the University before the new Board of Editors assumed

control. We had hoped to be able to announce that the Trustees of the University had decided to abolish compulsory attendance at chapel, and by so doing had, in one respect, put Lehigh on a level with her sister universities and colleges. We had hoped that our Trustees, who in other matters have left no stone unturned whereby the fair name of Lehigh could be raised in the estimation of its friends and admirers, would also have their eyes opened in regard to compulsory chapel, and would remove that which is causing such a rapid deterioration of the moral standing of the University.

That compulsory chapel is having a very injurious effect on the religious and moral views of the undergraduates is a fact that cannot be denied. Sunday after Sunday we see the chapel occupied by a crowd of undergraduates, who show by their actions that the ordeal of Sunday compulsory chapel attendance is distasteful to them. They show no interest in the service, and their attitude during the entire service is one of supreme contempt. The erroneous idea that a man can be made to accept Christianity by compelling him to attend divine service has been abandoned by broad-minded men. The evil effects of the system are everywhere apparent, and in many places the name of Lehigh is synonymous with unbelief. Some of the highest dignitaries in the Episcopal Church have often openly condemned the practice of compulsory chapel as it exists at Lehigh. A celebrated divine, who officiated at a Sunday service at our chapel, and who had been a chaplain at a large university, was surprised when told that compulsory chapel was in force at Lehigh, and declared that he knew of nothing that did more to produce atheism and agnosticism than this practice. Another celebrated preacher, when spoken to on the subject of compulsory chapel, stated that he never would appear before a congregation who were present because they were compelled to be present.

The above only goes to show how compulsory chapel is received by broad-minded men,

men who from their positions are able to judge of its most injurious effects.

The four years that a man spends at Lehigh, instead of increasing his love and reverence for God, simply serve to make him abhor religion and everything connected with it. He learns to look on divine service as a most trying ordeal and despises that which before he loved most.

If the legislature of the State should try to pass a law to the effect that everybody must attend divine service on Sunday, under penalty of a fine for non-attendance, there would be a terrible uproar against the measure, and we do not doubt that the Trustees of the University

would be among the most strenuous opposers of its passage. Nevertheless, a law similar in every respect to the above is enforced by the Trustees on the undergraduates, a law whose harmful effects are everywhere apparent, and yet the Trustees have not repealed it. Lehigh graduates every June a body of engineers whose superior no other college turns out. There is, however, one great fault with this body of men, and that is their religious beliefs have been shattered, and many of them are unbelievers, on account of the system of compulsory chapel attendance, which is still in vogue at this institution.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT.

WE were bathing in the surf that summer morn,
Her hand I held while breakers ebbed and
flowed;
Right merrily we laughed the waves to scorn,
And with the sport her cheeks their roses show'd.

The time had come. "Marie," I said, "my sweet,
Without you would my life a blank e'er be."
(The undertow was tugging at my feet,
The tide had borne my good sense out to sea).

"Marie," I said, "my dear Marie, I pray——"
Right here old Father Neptune drew the line.
He deftly washed my ardor far away,
And roughly closed my loving lips with brine.

HER BON-BON BOX.

HER bon-bon box with edges thin
Has carved thereon a manikin
That seems to guard, with glances bold,
The sweets its dainty sides enfold,
And laughs at me with mocking grin.
And, ah ! if I could only win
Her love, I d stoop to any sin,
And even in affection hold
Her bon-bon box.

For she is fair as none have been,
And has such dimples in her chin ;
Blue eyes, and hair of brightest gold.
That would she love me—but I'm told
She carries chewing-gum within
Her bon-bon box.

THE FLEEING WINTER.

THE storm-king's fiends, in their fierce delight,
Have swept the plains with a coat of white,-
Have tossed the trees in the tempest's height,
And laughed in glee !

But see ! approaches a gentle child
With smiling face, and with actions mild.
'Tis Spring ! How quick flee the winds so wild,
Nor laugh in glee !



DR. HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.

IT is but eighteen months since the University was called upon to mourn the loss of its honored head. And now the one who, as Acting President, has so faithfully occupied the chief executive office since that time is no more. If it were merely the senior professor who had been taken from us, we should feel it keenly from the position which he held and the veneration which long years well spent ever bring, and the influence which ripe scholarship and a noble Christian character surely give to their possessor. But the life of Dr. Henry Coppée is so bound up with the history of Lehigh University, and the part which he has taken in all the various social and religious institutions in Bethlehem has been so important, that we may truly say that no resident of our town could be called away who would leave a feeling of sadness in so many hearts and the deep sense of bereavement in so many gatherings which his manly form and revered face have adorned. To many of every age and condition, from the camp-fire of the veterans, who loved to listen to the stirring tales which he could narrate so well, to the members of the University gathered in the grand chapel which has so often re-echoed to the words of his graceful eloquence, it is with deep grief that the thought comes home that these places shall know him no more on earth.

Dr. Coppée was born in Savannah, Georgia, on October 13, 1821. He entered Yale College, where he pursued a course of study for two years and then became interested in engineering work in the South which occupied him until 1841, when he received an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, from which he was graduated in 1845. Upon the breaking out of the war with Mexico, Lieutenant Coppée was ordered to the front with his battery. He took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, and was in the

battle of Cerro Gordo. He was promoted to be a first lieutenant and then captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Centreras and Cherubusco, and was present at the storming of Chapultepec and in the final capture of the City of Mexico.

Upon his return from the war, from August, 1848, until June, 1849, he was detailed to act as assistant professor of French at West Point. After a year spent at Fort McHenry he returned to the Military Academy as principal assistant professor of Ethics and English studies and taught there for five years until 1855, when he resigned from the army and became professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. Here he was actively occupied for eleven years in teaching and writing works upon a variety of subjects, and was editor of the United Service Magazine from 1864 to 1866.

When, in 1865, Judge Packer conceived the idea of founding Lehigh University and looked about to find some one who could undertake the carrying out of his noble plan, Professor Coppée was selected as the most suitable, and in November of that year the presidency was offered to him and accepted by him. In the following spring he removed to Bethlehem and the arrangements were made for the opening of the new institution, which was chartered in February and began its work in September. Technical education was in its infancy, and many of the original regulations have been modified from time to time, as the advantage of such changes was demonstrated; but after all the years, the general wisdom of the first foundations have been justified by the fact that so much still remains unaltered, and the name of the first president is written upon much that we now have.

In 1875 President Coppée decided to resign the presidency and confine himself to literary work, which was so much more congenial to him than the executive

duties of his office, but consented to act as president until his successor could be elected. Thrice since, in 1879, in 1890 during the temporary absence of Dr. Lamberton, and from September, 1893, until the time of his death, has he filled this office, and has administered the affairs of the University with faithfulness and zeal.

In his chair of English Literature he has done much to arouse a love for the great models of literary art, and has made the study of Shakespeare a delight to large and enthusiastic audiences. His fine taste and beautiful delivery enabled him to give an interpretation of the mighty dramatist which charmed all who heard him. But his fondness for his work of teaching impelled him to unfold his favorite authors to select companies of pupils who appreciated to the full his instruction, hours that will be doubly precious to the memory now that the beloved teacher is at rest.

But Dr. Coppée had a wider circle of admirers who knew him through the many books which came from his pen. His works are in various fields. Thus, in military science we find: The Manual of the Battalion Drill, Evolutions of the Line, Manual of Courts-Martial, Life and Services of General U. S. Grant, Life of General Geo. H. Thomas, and his translations of Marmont's Spirit of Military Institutions, and of The Civil War in America, from the French, of the Comte de Paris. He contributed several textbooks for the schools, as: Elements of Logic, Elements of Rhetoric, Select Academic Speaker, Manual of English Literature, English Literature Considered as an Interpreter of English History. General readers are acquainted with his more important works: The Gallery of Famous Poets, Gallery of Distinguished Poetesses, Songs of Praise in the Christian Centuries, The Conquest of Spain by the Arab Moors, and The Classic and the Beautiful from the Literature of Three Thousand Years.

Dr. Coppée was honored by Union College and by the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and has had a number of public appointments which show in what high esteem he was held by all who knew him. During the war he was commissioned a colonel upon the staff of Governor Curtin, and was then chief of staff to General Couch when on the way to Gettysburg. He has been a regent of the Smithsonian Institute for twenty-one years, and has been very active in the councils of the Episcopal Church, of which he was an ardent member. As Senior Warden of the Church of the Nativity, South Bethlehem, delegate to the Diocesan and General Conventions, as member of the committee

which prepared the Hymnal, and in many other capacities he has given his best thought and service to the church of his love.

The space of this article will not permit one to really go over in outline the wide activities of this noble life, whose absence is now so keenly felt; and there are other relations of life, which show in a still higher degree his grand qualities, which ought not to be mentioned here, as being too sacred for public discussion. Those who have known of his high-mindedness in all things, his generous friendliness to all who claimed his sympathy and his assistance, are well aware that a splendid soul has gone from us to his well-earned reward. One thing ought not to be forgotten. When you travel through some dense and lofty forest you cannot help noticing how the trees on every side show a lack of symmetry, now gnarled and bent, now dwarfed and stunted. But when you gain the open glade and see some magnificent giant of the wood lifting its head high in air with perfect proportion and luxuriant foliage, the contrast is very striking and the beauty of the one is made all the more apparent from the imperfection of the other. And so it is with character. If we saw only the one-sided and narrow type of man, we should be liable to have a false idea of the nobility to which we can hope to attain; and the pessimism which blights noble aspirations and checks the growth of true moral ideals would seem to be sound philosophy.

The lesson of the well-spent life which we have been tracing may properly appeal to all who have known it; and the value of pure morality, and the reward which comes to faithful zeal may stimulate us as we go onward in our course. Lehigh University has no doubt a long career of usefulness before it, and we may well believe that many scholars of distinction, and teachers of rare merit, will come to grace her academic halls; but the years will never bring to her service a nobler soul and a rounder and more sterling character than our lamented friend, the First President of Lehigh University.

True culture cannot lead us higher than this; to a generous breadth of view and uprightness of soul, to sturdy principle and a steadfast pursuit of the noblest aims; to sympathy with our fellows and a ready helpfulness where our influence can direct, can stimulate and elevate. To all who have ever been connected with the University, the one whose memory we cherish will ever stand for traits which make life worth living and give us a future of eternal hope.

E. M. H.



LEHIGH PASTELS.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

YES, I am old, very old; but what matters that? Age only softens and sweetens the sounds that I produce.

Many years ago I was new and strong. I did not mind the careless, unskilled hand which drew the bow across the strings and made harsh grating sounds. Those sounds would now tear painfully at my cultured vitals.

Her careless hand grew skilled, and oh! how often has sweet harmony rippled on and on through space perchance to echo at the very gates of heaven.

Perhaps as time went by, her touch became more soft, the rippling waves more slow, and as her hand grows stiffer day by day I sometimes wish that at her parting breath my soul could soar with hers. But thus it can not be, and I must wait until my soul, throbbing to express the music which it feels, shall flee at the clashing stroke of some rude hand.

A ROMANCE OF THE SURF.

ONCE, as I sat alone on the pier of Fortress Monroe watching the bathers, I was struck with the beautiful swimming of a girl about nineteen years old. She was accompanied by a very attentive young man who evidently admired her grace even more than myself.

Her costume was strikingly becoming. It was black, and the material looked like silk. The neck was cut low with the arms bare, and it fitted her exquisite bust as well as any evening dress. The pants reached as far as the knees. The skirt was of the same length, and her black stockings, to speak gently, fitted her beautifully. Her dark hair was tucked up and kept dry by a black gossamer cap.

She swam fearlessly out in the deep water, and turning over, she closed her eyes and let the tide drift her slowly toward the pier, where I was leaning eagerly, but unconsciously, over the railing to see this floating beauty better. It was evidently her first swim that year, for no one who had bathed in the sun more than once that season could have had such arms and neck as she had. What a shame to expose such to be sunburned!

Her companion did not see me as he stood in waist-deep water near the pier awaiting the approach of the silent floater. Nearer and nearer she came, seeming almost to sleep as she floated.

"What lips," thought he, and bending over he kissed the sleeper and she awoke—awoke with a splash and a little scream, then in her tiny rage, she started for shore.

"I swear I could not help it," he pleaded, and seeing his rather frightened, awe-struck look, she laughed heartily, and they went ashore together.

TWO CAN PLAY.

EA'S Sophomore year had ended, the beautiful campus and the grand old buildings of the University were almost de-

serted. The little brown squirrels skipped about unfrightened and only an occasional visitor passed.

A pleasant vacation lay before him, and he would be home in a few more hours; then his thoughts flew back to the past summer, to a pleasant resort, to the lovely hair, the merry eyes, and petite figure of a little blonde—just the sweetest girl he had ever met.

He would meet the little blonde again this summer and would take his chances with her, although people said she was a flirt.

One evening the river was as smooth as glass, the sun had set and the stars began to peep timidly out, stealing sly glances at their pretty faces in the glassy surface. Lea was rowing with an easy stroke, while the little blonde leaned over the gunwale, her hand trailing in the water; she was watching the jellyfish

as they slipped through her fingers, making thousands of tiny sparks. Lea and Mae both seemed meditative, an atmosphere of perfect content seemed to surround them.

Lea was the first to break the silence, and drawing in his oars, he said, "I have something to tell you, Mae."

"Yes?" said she, looking up, her cheeks flushing and her eyes twinkling with lively interest.

"I wish to say," said Lea, "that it is very pleasant, but too cool out here for you; I am afraid you will take cold; don't you think we had better go ashore?"

And the "no" which trembled so readily on her lips a few moments before was changed to a disappointed "yes." Mae, the little blonde, the flirt, was beaten at her own game.

PRINCE APPLE AND PRINCE PLUM.

I.

ONE summer's morning, in front of a country house peeping out of the edge of the hillside woods, two men were standing gazing intently at something below at the foot of the hill where the driveway entered the grounds. The object of their attention was a figure on a horse which had just dashed through the gate. It was quite a distance from the house, and through the trees that bordered the road it was hard to see distinctly, but one could tell that the figure was that of a woman.

"Is that Miss Eleanor, Michael?"

"Yes, sir," replied the groom who was waiting in front of the porch. "I'm sure, sir, there is no horse but my Tony what could mount the hill at that pace, sir."

The other, who was the master of the place, smiled as the thought entered his head, that there was no other rider who could go at that

pace but his strong, brave, daring girl. And then an expression of concern came over his face, for the thought of an accident came to him, and he felt that he would rather lose anything he had in the world but this only child of his who was so dear to him, who was almost his all, now that he had lost her mother.

But his pride was ill-concealed when she drew up before the porch, and when, after being helped from her horse, she ran up the steps and kissed him, he noticed that she looked tired and worried. He remarked upon it, but she brightened up at once and gave him another kiss.

"Your Aunt wishes to see you, child," he told her. "She is in her room, and asked me to send you to her as soon as you came in."

The girl looked at him in a peculiar way, which he did not understand.

"All right, papa," she said, and giving him a third kiss that was very, very sweet, she ran away and disappeared in the open doorway of the house.

Her father sat down upon the porch when she was gone, and it was plain that he was thinking deeply, for it was shown upon his face. He was wondering when the time would come when some one would take this treasure from him, realizing that it would not be long. He knew that there were two suitors for his daughter's hand who were running a pretty close race. There was Atkinson, who was what the world called a marriageable man, well off and well fixed in business, a nice fellow. And there was that "young rascal" Tom Packard.

"I like that Tom Packard," was his mental comment. "I wonder which one will win. Tom's not very well off, and looking at it from that stand-point, Atkinson would make the better husband. However, Eleanor shall take whom she chooses, although the whole thing is going to break her old father's heart. It won't be long. To be sure, there's Tom coming down from town today to spend the afternoon, and Atkinson coming this evening to stay until Sunday. That's all Mary's doings. She'll force Eleanor into something, that is sure."

Having delivered which silent soliloquy, the old gentleman went into the house.

Meanwhile, Eleanor had gone to her Aunt Mary's room, and they were walking up and down the floor together with their arms about one another.

"Well, when does Tom Packard arrive, Eleanor?" the aunt was saying.

"At eleven o'clock this morning."

"He'll soon be here. And Mr. Atkinson?"

"Tonight at nine," slowly.

Aunt Mary smiled quietly.

"Now, which one is it to be, you little fool. I can't see how you can encourage two men and not know which one you really want to take. They are both going to propose today;

I know it. I am sorry Tom comes first, for I am very fond of Tom, and I know that you won't take the one who asks you first?"

"Why?" in a wondering tone.

"Of course you won't, you little undecided piece of contrariness. I want to tell you a little fairy story, which ought to teach you a lesson.

"There was once upon a time a princess who had two suitors, and who could not tell which one she preferred. So she came to an old spinster aunt (just as you have come to me) and asked her what to do. Now this old woman was a witch, and knew exactly what was needed to decide the wavering mind of her niece. She told her to go for a walk in her father's gardens and to pick out two fruit trees, both heavy with the fruit they bore. One of these trees she was to name after one of her lovers, the other after the other.

"When she had done this she was to sit down near them to watch and wait until the wind or some other accidental cause shook a piece of fruit from one or the other of the two picked trees. Fate was then to decide for her in favor of the lover from whose tree the fruit first fell. And then giving her a golden wand to charm away all evil spells, she sent her away to try her fortune. (I cannot give a golden wand, but I'll give you a kiss, which will do much better for our story)," and it was bestowed with feeling.

"Well," continued Aunt Mary, "the princess went to the garden, and picked and named her trees, and sat down anxiously and nervously to await the result. Suddenly a wind came, and an apple was loosened from a low branch of one tree, and a plum started at the same time from a high branch of the other. She saw them both, and sprang quickly and caught the apple in her hand and let the plum fall to the ground, thus outwitting Fate. And she married Prince Plum, too, whom Fate had really decided against, and whom she had loved best all the time, but came to know it only then at the last moment.

"Now, you, Eleanor, need just such a test

as that to make you know your own mind, and you will get it. I know what you have made up your own mind to do, and that is to take the first one of these two who asks you, and then when he does you'll say no and take the other. I am afraid you won't have sense enough, like my princess, to know your own heart. I only hope you shall be well punished, and that number two may never ask you at all." Perhaps Aunt Mary had had her own romance. The manner in which she looked straight ahead into space was very convicting circumstantial evidence.

Eleanor's only reply was to throw her arms about her aunt's neck and kiss her.

"There, there, child," the aunt said, "I cannot help you further than I have. I would take Tom in three seconds, were I you, and I wish you had a mother to order you to do so. Go, now, to your room and think, and if you find thinking too hard, change your dress for lunch. Tom will soon be here," and she sent her away.

II.

The hot sun was beating down upon the porch when at eleven-thirty that morning a good looking young fellow stepped upon it and rang the bell. He was ushered in, and the old gentleman and Aunt Mary welcomed him warmly, Eleanor coldly.

He had run down only for a short time, he told them, and he must go back to the city on the evening train,—and his eyes were on Eleanor. Would she not take a ride with him this afternoon? he asks. No, Miss Eleanor has been out that morning, and is sorry but she is very tired. Would she drive? No, she *hates* driving. Poor Tom! He did not understand; but Aunt Mary thought she did. Eleanor had never before treated him in this way, and he could not see why she did so now. And besides, had he not come down that afternoon for the express purpose of—? But it did not look much as though he was going to have a chance.

He looked appealingly at Aunt Mary, and, to his great surprise, he got a mysterious signal from her which meant that she would like to speak to him alone when the first occasion offered itself. It came not long afterwards, when he found himself alone with her in the garden where they had all gone after lunch to see something or other. Aunt Mary was sly.

"Never mind Eleanor's bad humor, now. We'll all walk to the station with you when you go, and I'll manage that you will have some moments alone with her. Don't make bad use of them," was all that she said to him.

He did not say a word, but she understood the thanks which he looked at her.

Dinner came at last and ended a long and miserable afternoon for Tom. Eleanor seemed to be anything but glad to see him, and to be everywhere but near him. Aunt Mary had persuaded the old gentleman to walk with them to the railway station, and Tom, who started off with Eleanor a little in advance of the others, began to think that she really was going to treat him more graciously, now that he was going. They started down the hill, the sun had set and it was becoming more than dusk. It was quite a distance and they had gone about half way, and Tom was counting his seconds. The road just before them ran through a thick clump of trees. He saw it and she saw it, and they both knew what it meant. The embarrassment and silence were horrible. They drew nearer and came to the edge of the woods. Aunt Mary and the old gentleman were not in sight. They were very, very slow, but, strange to say, Aunt Mary was much the slower.

"Had we not better wait for the others?" Eleanor ventured. "Or will it make you too late?" and she stopped and looked back.

He turned too and suddenly blurted out: "Eleanor, you know what I have come for. I—I—I love you. Will you—do you—oh! Sweetheart can—"

She would not look at him.

"Perhaps father has not been strong enough to come so far," she said, still looking back along the road, and he began to wonder if she had heard him at all.

At that moment the sound of a whistle came to them and his chance was lost and his time was gone. The others came up and joined them in a moment and he hurriedly bade them all a hasty and most formal "good-bye," and hurried on alone to catch his train.

The trio which he left behind him now turned back upon the road homeward bound, and had it not been for the old gentleman not a word would have been spoken until they reached the house again. The aunt was full of wonderings, and the niece did not know whether to feel happy or not at the thought that she could tell that relation that she had neither refused nor accepted number one.

But there was number two coming. To be sure, Mr. Atkinson was to arrive that night for a two days' visit. She had almost forgotten it. Then she coolly began to speculate as to whether she would treat Mr. Atkinson in the same way she had treated Tom. He would never propose in such an awkward manner. He was no boy, but too much of a man. Too much of a man! That did not sound exactly right when she made a mental contrast of the two. But what had she to do with comparisons? she thought. They were odious at any rate, and just now she was to consider the situation as uninterested and impartial judge.

An hour or so after their return to the house, Mr. Atkinson was driven up from the station. The first person he met, when he hopped out of the trap, was Eleanor's father, who was taking a smoke upon the cool porch.

"How are you? Glad to see you," said the old gentleman, with a cordial grasp of the hand. "Your train was somewhat late, wasn't it? Come right in."

Just then Eleanor and her aunt came out upon the porch.

"Yes, my train was quite late," Mr. Atkinson said, after he had greeted them all. "The fact is, there has been a wreck near here. The train for town, which leaves your station at about eight o'clock, ran off an open switch about six or seven miles below here, and the up-bound train on which I was was held for some time until the track could be cleared. I could not see or learn much about it, but it is a very serious disaster."

Eleanor waited to hear no more. Tom had been on that train. The plum tree was shaken.

Without a word, she turned from the interested listeners and news-bearer, ran down the steps of the porch, and fairly flew to the stables. To get Tony out, and saddle and bridle him, was the work of no time at all for her, and almost before her departure was noticed, she dashed by the porch and down the carriage road to the gate, hatless, gloveless, and in a thin white dress, but yet with something in her heart which had not been there before.

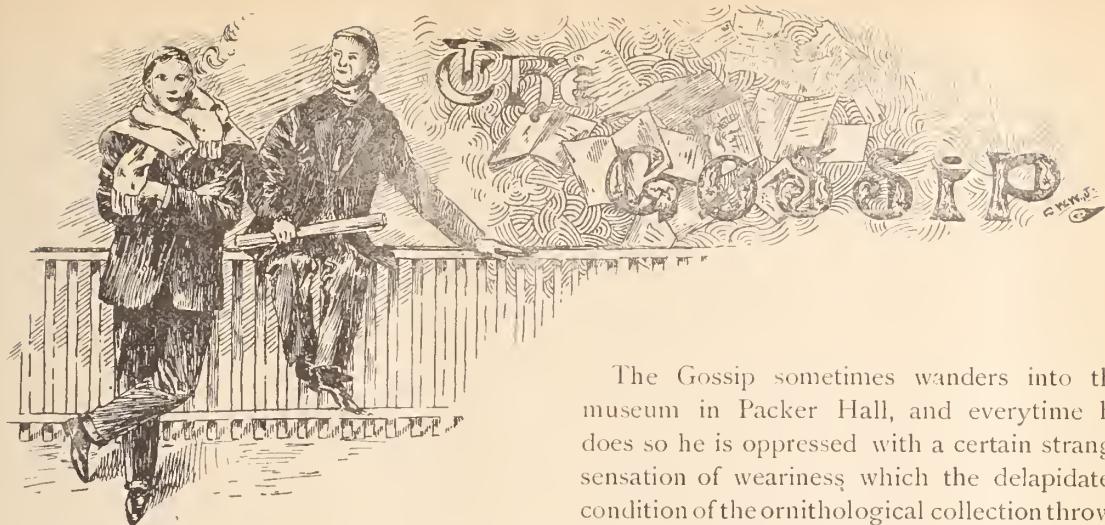
"Up, Tony! do your best," she said quietly and the animal heard her and knew. She was familiar with every inch of the ground, and though it was as dark as pitch, she guided her horse over those seven miles in an incredibly short time. How long they seemed, and how strange it all was when she dashed up to the crossing where the accident had occurred, a strange figure in the crowd which had gathered there.

She jumped down and tied Tony to a tree, and seeing where they seemed to be laying the wounded, she tried to push her way through the crowd in that direction.

Oh! what if he were hurt, or killed? Oh! she came too late, she thought. She wanted to cry his name aloud, but just then she saw his face and it was at her side.

"Saved!" she cried.

"Saved, and for you!" and he caught her in his strong arms or she would have fallen.



THE Gossip is getting heartily tired of South Bethlehem mud and slush, and notes with pleasure the unerring signs of rapidly approaching warm weather. The little mucker has turned his attention from snowballing the unoffending student to marbles, the hand-organ man has made his appearance, and the certain harbinger of spring, the picture of a goat leaping over a keg, once more greets the eye on New Street. These things set The Gossip dreaming—dreaming of the hot afternoons when the old yell will once more resound from the bleachers and rebound back from the incline of the South Mountain, to spur the athletes in brown and white on to victory. And then come visions of soft green sward under the chestnut trees and the pleasures of humoring that most delightful of maladies, the spring fever, on its inviting surface. So he rambled on till the natural sequence of pleasant thoughts led up to the June examinations. Right here he had a slight attack of night-mare and was brought back to the stern reality of present circumstances by the ringing of the eight o'clock bell. It meant another absence, for The Gossip never cuts breakfast. So he philosophically took the eighteenth one toward the twenty-five with a little oat-meal, and slowly meandered up to "dutch."

The Gossip sometimes wanders into the museum in Packer Hall, and everytime he does so he is oppressed with a certain strange sensation of weariness which the delapidated condition of the ornithological collection throws over the place. The birds seem to appeal to him to do something to stop their rapid descent to absolute worthlessness. The gallant bird of America looks as if he had just come out of a ten round struggle with the grizzly bear, while the dissipated appearance of the Cooper's hawk leads The Gossip to believe that it has found some way of opening the window and going out at night. Many of the glass cases look as if they had been used in a foot-ball game, while they all carry a coating of the dust of ages. All the birds look dishevelled, as is invariably the case with specimens which are not gone over by a taxidermist every year or so. The collection is a good one, and something should be done before the accruing years of neglect carry it beyond repair.

* * *

The Gossip has heard of a peculiar sight witnessed by a stranger who spent a few hours in this town recently and carried away with him a very good opinion of the Lehigh man.

This stranger happened to be strolling along Packer Avenue one morning about a quarter after eight, when he noticed half a hundred or more youths of all sizes, dressed in an assortment of sweaters, caps, and corduroys, and carrying any number of books under their arms all hurrying along with a more or less pleased expression on their faces from which

one would judge they were going to a funeral. Of course the stranger who had never seen anything of this kind before was at a loss to understand what it all meant, until meeting a native, who was calmly leaning on his fence and surveying the passing procession, he found out that they were college students on the way to chapel. Some, whose religious zeal had prevented them from quietly finishing their breakfast, seemed to be performing that operation while en route.

If the stranger had known anything about such things he might have distinguished the Senior gliding easily along, smoking a cigarette and "chaffing" a friend; the Junior lovingly stroking a downy mustache, or a still more downy beard; the Sophomore impressed with his age, glaring fiercely out from behind a large pipe; and lastly the Freshman worried and frightened at the thought of an absence.

Suddenly a single stroke of a bell was heard coming from a tall tower which was just visable through the early morning mist which covered the mountain side. This stroke of the bell produced a startling effect upon the procession of pilgrims. Pipes were hastily emptied and cigarettes thrown away—or in some cases replaced in their owners pockets to be used in "hard times"—while all seized their books firmly and made a mad rush for a large gate a hundred yards or so in advance. By the time the stranger had reached this gate, the last one of the youths was disappearing within the door of the edifice which stands a few hundred feet from the gate.

Meditating on the queer sight he had just witnessed, the gentleman turned into a cross street and continued his way down this thoroughfare until brought to a stop by a

—Arrangements have been signed by the athletic managers of Wesleyan and Trinity for athletic meetings of the two colleges for two years to come, the first meeting to be held at Hartford on May 30.

sign bearing the inscription:—"C. Rennig, Purveyor to The Faculty and Die Schtudents." Deeming it his duty to investigate another of the mysteries of this good town, he took a hasty glance around to see that no one was observing him, and then slipped quietly through the green door and called for a bock.

* * *

The Gossip has been wondering what has become of the old engine which so faithfully labored in the Physical Laboratory until, on the arrival of the new machine now used in that institution, its services were dispensed with and it was retired from active life.

Has it been transported to the museum in Packer Hall, broken up and sold as old iron, or is it stored away in some cellar or room in one of our laboratories or halls?

It seems to The Gossip that this relic might be put to a better use than this, although it does seem a pity to disturb it and rob it of its hard-earned rest.

The Civils have their transits and levels to play with, the Electricals their dynamos and galvanometers, while poor Mechanicals have nothing to do but turn out yard after yard of plates and blue-prints all the day long.

Now, why doesn't the idea suggest itself to "the powers that be," of placing this engine, and the one or two other pieces of machinery which the University possesses, into some room in Christmas or Saucon Halls, and, nailing "Mechanical Laboratory" over the door, turn the Mechanicals in there to work, experiment, and blow themselves up, to their hearts' content. Perhaps this might tend to suppress the cry for more "practical work," which is now and then heard about college.

—Both Oxford and Cambridge made money by their university presses last year. The Clarendon Press earned \$25,000 clear profit for Oxford and the Pitt Press \$16,000 for Cambridge.

COLLEGE NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

—There are four universities in the City of Chicago.

—Brown is the first institution in this country to offer instructions in Dutch.

—Oxford and Cambridge are to have a rival in a university which is to be built at London.

"FISH ON FRIDAY."

The landlady's daughter was singing a song,
In a voice that was sweet as could be;
And the burden thereof was a statement old,
"There are lots of good fish in the sea."

The Freshman up stairs of his dinner thought
When he heard of "good fish," did he;
And he sighed—for the day was Friday, alas!
To think they were all in the sea.

—*Yale Record.*

—Ninety-two Yale graduates have been college presidents, and seventeen, cabinet officers.

—Harvard is to have a large addition to her gymnasium, a gift of Augustus Hemenway.

DESPAIR!

Say, pensive Freshman, wherefore Discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul?
Why on the ground are all thy glances bent?
Why doth stern grief thy mournful breast control?

Say, is it fell oppression's horny hand
That hath thy merry laugh untimely stopped?
Or must thou flee, for crimes, thy native land?
"No, sir. Confound it! I've been dropped!"

—*Red and Blue.*

—A college paper is published by the students of St. John's College, Shanghai, China. The paper is published in English.

—A new cedar shell, to cost about five hundred dollars, has been ordered for the Harvard Freshman crew.

A WISH.

I would my love were sealing wax,
To use a slang expression:
For then without much effort I
Could make a good impression.

—*Trinity Tablet.*



March 2. Annual election Lehigh University Christian Association: President, E. E. Bratton, '96; Vice-President, R. P. Howell, '96; Corresponding Secretary, S. W. Chiles, '97; Recording Secretary, H. C. Paddock, '98; Treasurer, D. Hall, '96.

March 8. Junior Banquet, Sun Inn, Bethlehem. Committee: O. Z. Howard, A. M. Worstell, S. M. Dessaner, F. Bartles, and F. H. Baldwin.

March 13. Senior elections completed as follows: Class Toast, J. H. Budd; Class Poet, J. J. Gibson; Presentation Orator, W. S. Murray; Prophet, J. E. Shero; Ivy Orator, J. H. Best; Tablet Orator, W. Reinecke, Jr. Class Day Committee: C. F. Townsend, J. H. Budd, M. L. Cooke, H. W. Beach, F. A. McKenzie. Banquet Committee: A. F. Bannon, T. Y. Haines, W. Hopkins, T. L. Henry, W. W. Coleman, A. D. Morris.

March 13. Winter Meet of the Lehigh University Athletic Association in the Gymnasium. Results as follows:

Club Swinging—1st, B. O. Curtis, '97; 2d, H. H. Newton, '97.

Running High Jump—1st, W. S. Murray, '95, 5 ft. 5 in.; 2d, S. P. Senior, '97; 3d, G. L. Yates, '97. Lehigh record of 5 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. broken.

Fence Vault—1st, A. Q. Bailey, '98, handicap 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., actual vault, 5 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; 2d, D. Hall, '96; 3d, V. W. Kline, '96. Lehigh record, 6 ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., broken by W. S. Murray, '95, 6 ft. 10 in.

Running High Kick—1st, C. M. Pflueger, '98, handicap 1 ft., actual kick, 8 ft.; 2d, W. S. Murray, '95, scratch, 8 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; 3d, Yates, 2 in. handicap, kicked 8 ft. 10 in. Lehigh record of 8 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. broken.

Swinging Rings—1st, F. J. Van Benthem van den Bergh, '95; 2d, J. C. England, '98.

Standing High Jump—1st, W. S. Murray, '95, scratch, 4 ft. 9 in.; 2d, H. A. Reid, '96; 3d, E. W. Miller, '96. Lehigh record of 4 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. broken.

Putting the Shot (16 lbs.)—1st, R. A. Turner, '98, 31 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; 2d S. P. Senior, '97.

Horizontal Bar—1st, H. R. Van Duyne, '97; 2d, F. J. Van Benthem van den Bergh, '95.

Running Broad Jump—1st, G. L. Yates, '97, 19 ft.; 2d, R. F. Cleary, '98; 3d, T. Merriman, '97.

Heavy-weight Wrestling—F. I. Wheeler, '95.

Middle-weight Wrestling—J. E. Slade, '97.

Light-weight Wrestling—C. M. Pflueger, '98.

Heavy-weight Boxing—C. Becerra, '98.

Middle-weight Boxing—R. M. Tarleton, '95.

Light-weight Boxing—P. H. Lovering, '95.

Fencing—P. H. Lovering, '95.

ON ACTING.

When men are scoffing at that wondrous art
 That with the body mimics our heart,
 And call it artless, since 'tis of a day;
 Then should I like to pluck them off a rose,
 Whose power in its very dying grows,
 To let their shame blush childish scorn away.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

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The skill wherewith he seemed to act his part,
Nor did they, in their ardor, dream that he
Laid bare his inmost heart.

In agony of doubt, he longs to know,
Yet fears to learn the truth. Her lips said "Yes."
Was Art the prompter, or did Cupid speak,
And urge her to confess? — *Wesleyan Lit.*

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